Much A-do, about Nothing:

A Song made of *Nothing*, the newest in Print; He that seriously minds it, shall find *All-things* in't.

To the Tune of, *Which no body can deny.*

I'Le sing you a Sonnet, that ne're was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
But I'l tell you before hand you'l find Nothing in't,
That any man can deny

On Nothing I think, on Nothing I Write,
'Tis Nothing I Covet, yet Nothing I slight,
And I care not a Pin, if I get Nothing by't,
'Tis all one to me, cry I.

Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beast, Birds, Fish and Men,
Did start out of Nothing a Chaos, a Den:
And all things shall turn into Nothing again:
Which no body can deny.

'Tis Nothing sometimes that makes many things hit,
As when a Fool amongst Wise-men doth silently sit,
A Fool that says nothing may pass for a Wit;
Wise *Solomon* found it so.

That one Man doth love, is another Man's loathing,
This Blade loves a quick thing, that loves a slow thing
And both in the very conclusion loves Nothing:
So fickle are Humours now.

Your Lad that makes love to a very fine smoth-thing,
And thinks to obtain her with sighing and soothing,
Doth frequently make much a-do about Nothing:
Experience finds it true.

At last, when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd;
But she that hath nothing must needs be a Paid,
For she can have Nothing to do.

Your Slashing and Clashing, and Flashing of Wit,
Doth start out of Nothing, but Fancy and Fit;
'Tis little or Nothing to what hath been Writ,
There's Nothing invented new.

When we first together by the Ears did fall,
Then Something got Nothing, and Nothing got All,
From Nothing it came, unto Nothing it shall:
This Kingdom hath found it true.

That party that Sealed to a Covenant in haste,
Who made King and Kingdom, and Churches lie waste,
Their Project and All came to Nothing at last:
'Tis well we have found it so.

They raised an Army of Horse and of Foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, Branch and Root.
They Thundred and Plunder'd, but nothing would do't,
And *vive le Roy*, cry I.

The Organ and Alter, and Ministers Cloathing,
In Presbiter-Jack did beget such a loathing,
That he must needs set up a Petty-new-Nothing:
Which Loyalty did deny.

And when he had rob'd us in Sanctified Clothing,
And Perjur'd the People, by Faithing and Trothing,
At last he was Catch'd and all came to Nothing:
I wish they had had their due.

In several Factions we Quarrel and Brawl,
Dispute and contend, and to fighting we fall,
But I'l lay All to Nothing, that Nothing wins All,
Conclusion will make it true.

When War and Rebellion, and Plundering grows,
The Mendicant-man is the fruit from Foes,
For he is most happy hath Nothing to lose:
We frequently find it true.

Brave Cæsar, and Pompey, and Great Alexander,
Whom Armies did follow as Ouse follows Gander,
Have Nothing to say to an Action of Slander:
Which no-body can indure.

The wisest great Prince, were he never so Stout,
Could he conquer the World, and give Mankind a Rout,
Did bring Nothing in, nor shall carry Nothing out,
There's Nothing that can be true.

Old Nol that did Rise up to High-thing, from Low-thing
By Brewing Rebellion, and Nicking and Frothing,
In seven Years distance, was All-things and Nothing:
Which every Man doth know.

Dick, (Olivers Heir) that pittiful Shuffling,
Who once was Invested with Purple Clothing,
Now stands for a Cipher, and a Cipher is Nothing,
King *Dick* he hath Nothing to do.

If King-killers are Excluded from Bliss,
Old Bradshaw (that sits the Reward on't by this)
Had better been Nothing, than what now he is:
The Devil will have his due.

Blind Colonel Hewlon, that lately did Crawl,
To a lofty Degree, from a low Coblers-Stall,
Did bring Awl to Nothing, when Awl came to All,
With *Oakey* and *Baxter* too.

Your Gallant, that lives by fine Feat, Drink, & Clothing
Who was, th'other day a pittiful Low-thing,
Pays Butcher, and Baker, and Draper with Nothing,
The City doth find it true.

The nimble tongu'd Lawyer that Pleads for his Pay,
When Death doth Arrest him and Carry him away,
At the General Bar, will have Nothing to say,
To you, nor you, nor you.

If any here Tax me with weakness of Wit,
And say, That on Nothing, I Nothing have Writ:
I shall answer, Ex nihilo, nihil fit,
Of Nothing, comes Nothing, ye know.

Yet let his Discretion be never so tall,
This very word Nothing, shall give it a fall,
For in Writting of Nothing, I Comprehend All,
That is in Creation made.

Let every Man give the Poet his Due,
'Cause then 'twas with him, as now it's with you;
He Studied it, when he had Nothing to do:
For Nothing was then his Trade.

This very Word Nothing, if took the right way,
May prove Advantagious; For, What would you say,
If the Winter should tell you, There's Nothing to Pay
As good as if all were Paid.

London, Printed for T. Vere, at the Sign of the Cock in St. *Johns-street*. (1660)